THE Notorious Impoſtor: OR THE HISTORY OF THE LIFE OF *William Morrell* alias *Bowyer*, &c.

THIS Famous Rover, from the Multitude of his Titles, to begin with his right Name *William Morrell*, was by Profeſſion a Chyrurgion, and more than twenty Years ago, for many Years together, a Practitioner of good Credit in *Banbury*, where his Induſtry honeſtly got him, by his Practice, near two Hundred a Year, with which he maintained himſelf, his Wife and Family very handſomely, till about eighteen Years ago he began to be

very Lazy, and much addicted to hanker after the Converſation of the Gentry thereabouts; and being a Perſon very Facetious, and his Company not diſacceptable, he ſcrewed himſelf into the Society of the beſt Quality round about, and would be a Month or two a Gueſt at ſeveral Great Mens Houſes; more particularly he ſome time ſince inſinuated himſelf into the Favor of a Worthy Gentleman near *Banbury*, viz. *Humphry Wickham* of *Swakely* Eſq; whoſe Perſon and Character he pretended to repreſent, and in which Impoſture he made his laſt *Exit*.

But to begin our Hiſtory in order; From his Converſing with Gentlemen and Herding with Quality, Buſineſs began to fall off: His many Rambles from home, ſoon made his Practice flag; when the Glaſs and the Bottle came into play, the Salvatory and Playſter-box went out. And his Patients could not well ſtay for the Setting of a Broken Limb, or Tenting a Green Wound, till our *Eſculapius* was to be called, the Lord knows where, and found the Devil knows when. This Trade continuing, the other fell to decay, till at laſt Poverty began to peep in at his Window, and Duns to hover about his Door. In theſe little Exigencies and Neceſſities (for the Gentleman's Tables abroad would not fill the Bellies at home, nor would Hunting or Hawking pay Landlords Rent) his Wants put him upon Shifts and Artifices for his Subſiſtence; and what with a Natural Wit and a pretty large Talent of Confidence, the preſſing Hand of Fortune threw him upon ſeveral Tricks and Frauds to hold his Head above-board. But not to trouble you with any of his leſſer Diminitive Exploits, the Infancy and Nonage of his Activity, we do not think fit to treat you with theſe

theſe pettier Adventures, but e'en ſet out in one of his nobleſt Atchievements, and paint our new *Guzman* in ſome of his boldeſt and faireſt Colours.

Accordingly he Equips himſelf with a Sturdy Young Country Fellow, a *Ralpho* to our *Hudibras*, and takes a Knight-Errantry one day to a Fair at *Brayls* in *Warwickſhire*, his Habit between a Grazier and a plain Country Gentleman; where Santering about with his Man *Tom* (for ſo his Squire was titled) at laſt ſpying a Knot of good likely Kine (near a Score of them) *Ah Maſter*, ſays *Tom*, *what a parcel of brave Cattle are theſe.* *Ay* Tom, replies the Maſter, *I am ſorry I ſaw them no ſooner; theſe would do my Buſineſs to a T; but as the Devil and ill Luck would have it, I have laid out my whole Stock already, and ſo I'll e'en ſet my Heart at Reſt.* The Country Fellow, the Owner of the Cattle, ſeeing a Gentleman of his honeſt Appearance ſurveying his Beaſts, and hearing every word that paſs'd between the Man and Maſter (for they took care to talk loud enough to be heard) thought he had got a good Chapman, and deſired the Gentleman to draw nearer and handle the Cattle. *Handle*, anſwers *Tom*, *what for? You know, Sir, you have laid out all your Money already, and what ſhould we handle Cattle unleſs we had Cole to buy 'em. I confeſs they are for your Turn above any I have zeen in the whole Vair, but that's nothing, the Money Maſter the Money.* *The Money*, replies the Country-man, *Troth that ſhall make no Difference, nor break Squares between us; if you and I can agree, the Cattle are at your Service: I ſuppoſe you are ſome honeſt Gentleman hereabouts, and the Money will do my work next*

Market-day. Pray what may I call your Name? My Name is Walters, replies our Cattle-Merchant, *Walters, Maſter*, anſwers our Country-man, *What any Relation to his Worſhip the Noble Sir* William Walters? *Ay, Friend, a ſmall Relation, a Brother of his. A Brother of Sir* William's! Off goes the Country-man's Bonnet at the next word, and a long Scrape made; for no Reſpect was too great for a Brother to a Perſon of ſuch eminent Quality. *My Cattle, Noble Squire, Ay with all my Heart.* In ſhort after much ado to make the Country-man be covered before him, he fell to treat about the Price of the Cattle, in which he bargained ſo warily, that they had almoſt parted for a ſingle Shilling in a Diſpute between them. But at laſt the Bargain and Sale concluded, *Tom* is commanded to drive home the Cattle, the Money to be paid next Market-day, and the Country-man has the Honor to drink a Pot at parting with his Worſhipful Chapman our Sir *William*'s Brother: This Feat performed, he takes a walk round the Fair, and picks up a pretty Country Girl, a Maſons Daughter, at a ſmall Town about four Miles off, and gives her the common Country Civility of a Fair, *viz.* a Glaſs of White-wine and Sugar. During this Entertainment of our young Damſel, he is moſt deſperately ſmitten with her Beauty, inſomuch that our *Inamorato* muſt wait upon her home to her Father's Houſe, nothing but Death and Deſpair attending if he cannot have that extraordinary Happineſs. The Girl who by this time had learnt his Name and Quality, was not a little confounded at the preſſing Importunities of a Perſon of his Worth to a poor Girl of her little Capacity, and notwithſtanding her modeſt Refuſals, felt a ſecret Pride from ſo kind an offer, and at laſt accepted of his Service home. No ſooner was ſhe got

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ſafe handed home, and Mother and Daddy, were privately whiſpered what Honor they received from ſuch a Viſitant; the beſt the Houſe could afford was not good enough for him: after the courſer Compliments of [*Lord, Sir, ſuch a Perſon of Quality under our poor Roof*] and the like; the beſt welcome that could be made him was not wanting: Nay, for what was deficient at home, the whole Neighborhood was Ranſakt to lend help toward the Accommodation. Our new Lover not to baulk a good Cauſe, openly Profeſſes no leſs than honourable Matrimonial Affection to his dear Conqueror. Eſtate he wants none; and Portion or Quality are below his Conſideration, the Satisfaction of Love is the only thing in the World he reſolves to gratifie.

The Father and Mother are much aſtoniſh'd at ſuch an Addreſſor to their Daughter, nor is the Daughter her ſelf a little ſurprized at it, though of the two her Wonder is the leaſt; for her Sexes natural Frailty was ſo apt to make her think it the pure Effect of her own ſweet Face, that the power of her Charms, and the Quality of her Captive was not altogether (ſhe fancied) ſo extraordinary an Adventure. In fine, Our paſſionate Admirer puſhes on his ſuit with all the Vigour and Application imaginable, and truly you may well conceive ſo weak a Reſiſtance could not well hold out long againſt ſo Puiſſant an Aſſailer: The Siege is preſs'd home, and in three ſhort days the white Flag is hung out, a Parly beat, Articles concluded, and the Fort ſurrendered. Our Damſel, in ſhort, commits Matrimony; and

and the whole Family is not a little Tranſported at ſuch a Noble Alliance. Thus Wedded and Bedded, Our new Couple are all Honey and Sweetneſs, and though Sir *William Walter*'s Houſe was not above a dozen Miles from thence, his Adopted Brother all ſafe and ſecure, ſleeps in the ſoft Arms of his young Bride with all the Rapture of Pleaſure and Delight. After three Revelling days were ſpent in Feaſting and Joy, the Father-in-Law and himſelf enter in a cloſe Cabinet Conſult about providing for Family and Settlement. He tells the Old Man, that truly his Brother the Knight will undoubtedly take no little Dudgeon at this Match, not that he cares a Farthing for't. He has Married the only Creature of the World he can Love, and he is reſolved to Cheriſh her accordingly. But however, to manage Affairs with Diſcretion, he thinks it his beſt Prudence and Policy, to get his Trunks and the Writings of his Eſtate ſafe out of his Brother's Hands, before he publiſhes the Marriage. And for that purpoſe he has no better way than for his Father-in-Law to help him to a ſmall Cart and a couple of able Horſes, and to drive to his Brothers, and take up his Trunks, *&c.* And conſidering he had laid out all his ready Money in Cattle at *Brayle* Fair, he deſired the favour of him to furniſh him with Ten Pounds, that he might not be unprovided with a little of the Ready about him, in caſe of any Rupture between his Brother and himſelf, till he could furniſh himſelf better amongſt his Tenants.

The Old Man very readily embraced this reaſonable propoſition, and though truly the Summ of Ten Pounds

Pounds was above his Stock, nevertheleſs living in Repute amongſt his Neighbors, through great Solicitation, ſome forty and ſome thirty Shillings, and ſuch like Summs, with much ado he raiſes the Ten Pounds deſired; and more and above he proeures two very Able Horſes and a Cart to bring away the Treaſure aforeſaid, *&c.*

By this time his Man *Tom* having Sold the Cattle, is come to wiſh his Noble Maſter Joy of his fair Bride, and ſo the Maſter and *Tom* attended by a Brother of his Bride, an Honeſt Country Swain, who though ſo highly honoured with this new Affinity, is at preſent planted in no higher a Poſt than to be a Mate with his Man *Tom* to drive the Cart, ſet forwards, *&c.*

The Brother-in-Law, Cheek by Jowl, with the fore-Horſe of his ſmall Team, drives on very merrily for about Nine of the Twelve Miles to Sir *William*'s, entertaining his Worſhipful Relation with the very beſt Tune he could Whiſtle all the way they travell'd.

But now within Three Miles of home, our politick Bridegroom thinks it adviſable, that one of his Carters, the Brother, ſhould make a Halt at an Alehouſe where they ſtopp'd, and the whole Manage of the Cart and Horſes be intruſted with *Tom*, for fear the ſight of a Stranger to come to take up Goods at his Brother's might give occaſion of Curioſity and Inquiry, whereas *Tom*, an old Servant in the Family

mily, with leſs Suſpiſion and Inſpection might do it.

Theſe ſtrong Reaſons (or indeed weaker would have ſerved turn) were ſatisfactory enough, and ſo the Geutleman Equipping his Brother *Clodpate* with a *George* to ſtay and Drink till they returned, the Maſter and Man fairly drive on, for the remaining three Miles to bring off the Bag and Baggage, *&c.*

The Potent Summ of a whole Half Crown to be laid out in Ale, ſet in our Country Youth to a hearty Carouſe with the kind Hoſteſs of the Houſe, where the Eſquires Health was over and over remembred, not forgetting the Great Man at the Great Houſe about Three Miles off, where, as ſimple a Country Fellow as he was, he expected one day to be better acquainted.

But to draw this Adventure towards a Concluſion, our waiting Carter long expecting the return of the Brother, the Palfries and the Cargo, notwithſtanding the Strength of powerful Ale, and his Sweet Land-Ladies diverting Company, began at laſt to be Impatient; ſometimes he fancied the Loading was too heavy for the Poor Beaſts, and he thought it his beſt way to walk out and ſee if he could meet them: But all Inquiry was in vain, Night at laſt drew on, and the beſt part of his Half-crown melted down; at laſt, though very Uneaſie and Reſtleſs, he is perſwaded by his kind Hoſteſs to take a hard Nap till Morning. The Cock was not ſo ſoon awake as he,

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for to tell Truth, he ne're ſlept at all, though indeed he dreamt all Night, for he could not think leſs, than that ſome Retainers of the Family had undoubtedly followed the Cart, and Murder'd the Squire to run away with the Treaſure, and what his poor Siſter would ſuffer to be a Widow ſo early, was little leſs than a mortal Apprehenſion. Thereupon very betimes in the morning he pads to Sir *William*'s, and very earnely enquires, what was become of the Squire, the Knights Brother. Sir *William*'s Brother, *reply'd the Servants*, we know none he has; 'tis true, he had one ſome years beyond Sea, but whether dead or alive, is more than any Man upon *Engliſh* Ground (*God wott*) can tell. How! no Brother-in-law Squire! No Sir *William*'s Family! No Siſter like to be a Lady, nor Brother a Gentleman! nor no Horſes nor Cart neither! This ſtaggering Account put him into ſo doleful a Dumps, that he ſtood almoſt Thunderſtruck. And truly the twelve Miles home agen, was ſo tedious a Journey, and the lamentable Narrative he muſt make 'em at home, ſo killing a Fancy, that it was a great Mercy he did not make a ſtay upon ſome convenient Twig in ſome Hedge in the Road, rather than live to be the Meſſenger of ſuch a woful, ſad Tale---- But ill News at laſt muſt out. The Bird and the Beaſts were all flown; the poor Bride ſweetly brought to Bed, a Cart and two Horſes to pay for, a Son-in-law to find when the Devil was blind, the Daughters ſweet play thing loſt, the Father and Mother dipt ten whole pounds in Chalk, and the whole Family under the ſuffering of a whole Chamberpot full of waylings and Tears for their Calamities and Misfortunes.

But to return to our Rover: By the ſale of Cart and Team, ten pound in Cole the laſt lump, and the price of his Kine the other, his Pockets were pretty well lined; and conſidering this ſpot might ſoon grow too hot for him, he thinks it wiſeſt to ſhift the Scene, and thereupon diſmiſſing, for ſome time, his Man *Tom*, who had pretty well lick'd his Fingers in ſo profitable a Service, our Grafier now tranſmogrifies into a Spark, and very ſprucely rigg'd, takes a ramble Weſtward, where meeting with no Adventure worth recital, in ſome ſmall time he gets to *Ludlow*. There taking up the firſt Night at an Inn, his Garb (though unattended by Servants) ſoon made him good Reception; his firſt enquiry was to learn out the Eminenteſt People in the Town, of which being readily inform'd by the Drawers, he learnt, amongſt other Relations, that there was a Subſtantial Wealthy Tradeſman, had two pretty Marriageable Daughters: Being directed to the Houſe, he addreſſes to the Father, telling him he was a *Barkſhire* Gentleman, and intending to make ſome ſmall abode in *Ludlow*, he did not think fit to continue in a Publick Houſe, but would gladly gain admiſſion to ſome private Family. The Tradeſman (whoſe name we will not mention) being a Widower, and taken with the manner of his Diſcourſe, kindly invited him to his own Houſe, which our Travelling Gallant as kindly embracing, Accommodation was made, and he was lodged that very Night at this private Landlords.

His entrance here gave him the opportunity of daily converſing with no mean wit and charms in the two ſweet Daughters of the Family; and our Gallant, very apt to take fire at but a ſmall matter of Beauty, eſpecially with a Portion at the Tail of it, felt no little wamblings at the extraordinary accompliſhments of the elder, ſomewhat the ſweeter Creature. But this new Adventure was not an enterpriſe ſo eaſie as the laſt; this Sire of ſome faſhion, was ſo far above the Education and Extract of his former Father-in-Law, a Man of Mortar and Trowel; and his Daughters of a reach and underſtanding ſo much beyond the others humbler capacity; that meaſures muſt be quite alter'd here from thoſe that he took before. Accordingly now his diſcourſe was always upon Foreign ſubjects, himſelf and his own affairs the leaſt part of his talk; and if any inquiſitive queſtion, either by Father or Daughters were made relating to his Family or Concerns, he anſwered with that Modeſty, and almoſt ſilence to all demands of that kind, that he left their curioſity ſtill in the dark; and which indeed was ſo much a heightning to the favourable imaginations they had conceived of him; that they doubted not in the leaſt, but he was of eminent Quality; and what any boaſting Vanity would have made 'em rather ſuſpect, his Modeſty on the contrary confirm'd. 'Twas ſome few days before they inquired his name, for which he had ready at his Tongue's end, the name of a very great Family in *Barkſhire*; but not deſcending to particulars, the remoteneſs of the place did not gain 'em much intelli-

gence of his Quality from only the bare name. All this while, at ſome little diſtance, he dropt a great many complaiſant words to the elder Siſter, which look'd very much like Love, and which he indeed deſired ſhould be ſo interpreted. In this Converſation, now of a Fortnights continuance, he had rendred himſelf ſo acceptable to the whole Family, that a great many favourable thoughts on all ſides inclined towards him. The Addreſs to the Daughter, at laſt looked a little more plain and barefac'd, and at that time a Fair happening at *Ludlow*, where he had been diverting himſelf with ſeeing of Faſhions, he came home in much Concern, and ſome kind of Paſſion, much greater than hitherto they had at any time ſeen from him. "Certainly there is no place in the world (*ſays* "*he paſſionately*) ſo retir'd, but ſome Devil or other "will ſtill find out and haunt me. The odneſs of this expreſſion invited the elder Siſter to ask him what he meant. "Why truly, Madam, (*he replied*) "I have been hunted from three or four Towns al- "ready, for in ſpight of all my reſolutions of living "*incognito*, ſome unlucky Perſon or other comes full "in my mouth, and will betray me in ſpight of my "Soul. This anſwer did but heighten her Curioſity, and having, as ſhe thought, ſome little Intereſt in him as a profeſt Servant of hers, ſhe was a little the bolder in preſſing the Queſtion; and therefore plainly ask'd him why he liv'd *incognito*, and what accident had now diſcovered him: To this at laſt, with a little more frankneſs than he had hitherto uſed, he replied, the reaſon of his Ramble from his Family, with his Living three or four Months paſt unknown to the whole World,

World, was only to prevent the ruine of a Siſter, who like a fooliſh Girl, was in much danger to be undone by a Beggerly Match ſhe was too fond of; and her Portion being in his hands, he had abſented himſelf from his home, leſt the ſoftneſs of her tears, the importunities of ſeveral Advocate's in behalf of this indigent Lover, together with the weakneſs of his own tender heart, might at laſt be prevail'd upon to grant his conſent to what he knew would be his ſhame and her undoing. And as ill luck would have it, he had unfortunately tumbled upon a Countryman of his, now at the Fair, who would infallibly run open mouth'd to his Siſter and his Family, and tell 'em all where he was. This diſcovery gave a good occaſion to the fair Examiner to be not only a Pleader for her own Sex in the Perſon and cauſe of his unknown Siſter, but likewiſe to be a Champion for Love. For now ſhe plainly told him, that a great many grains of allowance were to be made, where hearts were inſeparable. If this Lover of his Siſters was a man of Senſe and Quality (as neither of thoſe he could deny him) it was a little barbarous in him to oppoſe the whole Repoſe and Contentment of ſo near a Relation as a Siſter, for ſo ſordid a conſideration as a little Worldly Intereſt. Beſides, there was a Providence always attended Faith and Truth in Love, and undoubtedly ſooner or later would provide for their well-being, or elſe enable 'em to bear a meaner portion of Riches, which others perhaps might, leſs contentedly, poſſeſs. This argument was almoſt the daily diſcourſe, in which ſhe ſeem'd to gain ſome little ground, but not

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enough to perſwade him to the unreaſonable Grant of his Siſters deſires.

About five days after comes a Letter directed to him at *Ludlow*, with the Poſt Mark upon it very authentically, which in a very legible Woman's hand contained theſe words.

Dear Brother,

WHat unhappy Star am I born under, to ſuffer all this miſerable Perſecution? Certainly, when my Father left me to your diſpoſal, and tied my Portion to your liking of the man that muſt marry me, ſurely he could never have died reconciled to Heaven, could he have foreſeen the Slavery he tied his poor Child to, in putting me into the power of ſo cruel a Brother. To run ſo many Months from your Houſe, your Family, nay, your Honour too, (for what muſt the cenſuring world talk of you) and all to break a poor Siſter's Heart. Oh ſhameful! to hide your ſelf from the World, and run from Mankind, only to ſhut your Ears againſt Juſtice, and to be deaf to all Goodneſs and Humanity! Alas, what Capital Crime have I committed, who only loved a Gentleman, in Birth and Blood no ways my Inferiour; and what if an unfortunate Younger Brother's ſlender Patrimony of a Hundred a Year, is not anſwerable to

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a Portion of Two thouſand Pounds. A wonderful Cauſe to make me the moſt unhappy Creature living, in refuſing me the only Bleſſing the World has to give. How many fair ſteps to Preferment and Honour lye in the way of ſo accompliſh'd and ſo well Related a Gentleman, notwithſtanding his Elder Brother run away with the Eſtate; and what good Fortune have I not to hope for, if your Barbarous Averſion did not interpoſe between my Felicity and me. In ſhort, reſolve to return home, and be kind to your languiſhing, and almoſt deſpairing Siſter, or elſe expect very ſpeedily to be viſited by her at your Bedſide in her Winding-ſheet. For if Ghoſts can walk, and your Barbarity has ſworn my Death, expect to be eternally haunted, as you ſhall deſerve from——

Your Diſtracted——

The next Poſt four or five Letters more came after him; one from his Bayliff, to deſire him, for God's ſake to come home again; for the Devil a Farthing would his Tenants pay till they ſaw their Landlord. A ſecond from one of his Tenants, complaining of his bad Crop, and the low price of Corn, and that unleſs he would bate him Twenty pound a Year Rent, he could never hold his Farm; earneſtly deſiring his Worſhip to come home, and take care of his poor Tenants, &c. A third condoling his Misfortune in the loſs of his Eldeſt Son, and deſiring to ſee his Sweet Worſhip's Face, that he

he might get him to put his Second Boy's Life into his Copy-hold; and others of the like Import.

These Letters our Spark left in his Closet Window, and one whole day going abroad, by a pretended Negligence, he shot the Bolt of his Closet Lock out of the Staple, and so left his Door a-jar, and his Letters expos'd to any body that would please to read 'em. This Stratagem succeeded to his Wish, for the Daughter, whom I may now call his Mistress, knowing him safe abroad, had dropt into his Chamber when the Maid was making the Bed, and finding the Closet Door open, made bold to peep, and spying his Letters there, tips the wink upon the Maid, whom she made of the Council, and read 'em all out The Contents put her mightily upon the gog; for certainly she concluded he must be a Man of a mighty Estate, so many Tenants, and the Lord knows what; and if a Sister had Two thousand Pounds, what must an Elder Brother possess. After she had conjured the Maid to silence, she could not forbear running to her Father, and telling him all she had discover'd: The Father at first a little reprimanded her Curiosity, but considering he had found out a Love Intrigue between his Daughter and him, he thought it no unwelcome discovery. At last looking very stedfastly upon his Daughter's Face, with a sort of a kind fatherly leer, he cry'd, *Ah Child, would he were a Bed with thee.* How, Father, *reply'd the Girl blushing.* Nay no harm (*quoth the Father*)

Father) Chicken, that's all. Thou ſayſt he makes love to thee, and troth I muſt own it no ſmall part of my Ambition to have a Perſon of his Quality and Fortunes for a Son-in-law. In ſhort, The Father gave her very ſeaſonable Admonition; for having ſounded her Inclinations, and found 'em to his own wiſh, with a Fatherly Authority he commanded her, if his Addreſſes hinted at Marriage, to make him all reaſonable Advances that way.

Our Gallant found his Plot had taken; for he had critically obſerved in what moſt particular manner and ſtation to a quarter of an inch he had laid his Letters; and finding all of 'em diſplaced more or leſs from the exact point he had left 'em, he plainly perceived they had all of 'em been read. Beſides, in compliance to her Father's Orders, and indeed a little to her own Inclinations, he diſcover'd her uſual Coldneſs to him a little diminiſh'd, and her Aſpect more favourable, which plainly told him the Bait had taken. Whereupon one Evening finding her alone in her Garden, with a confidence more than uſual, he plainly ſpoke home, telling her what an ineſtimable Bleſſing he ſhould acquire in poſſeſſing ſo much ſweetneſs for a Wife.

A long Courtſhip enſued, the Particulars too tedious, only the Girl was a little more pliant than ordinary, but much doubting the integrity of his Proteſtations; alledging it was very unlikely he would debaſe himſelf to marry a Creature of her mean Fortune, for all ſhe could at preſent challenge, except what her Father might do for her after his deceaſe, was only a 100 *l.* left her in her Father's hands by an Uncle deceas'd. Our Gallant preſently with much diſdain ſeem'd to ſlight all thoughts of her Fortune, for that, he thank'd Heav'n, he wanted not; and truly her dear Perſon was the only conſideration that had fix'd his Heart intirely her Captive. To bring him to the happy point, 48 hours are not paſt, before he comes to reap the fair Fruit. The marriage-

knot is tied, and the Nuptials conſummated, and Joy and Felicity runs high between them.

In this happy State, and uninterrupted Delights, they continued ſome days, when of a ſudden his old Servant *Tom*, booted and ſpurr'd, comes to *Ludlow*, and now in a little higher ſtation than before, in the garb and figure of one of his Bayliffs, he comes poſt thus far, firſt to tell him the Diſtraction of his Family occaſion'd by his abſenſe; 2dly, The Lady his Siſter's ſudden departure, God knows whither, for ſhe went away by night two days before he ſet out from home, and has not been heard of ſince. And that a Letter was come from *Briſtol*, intimating that his Venture in *Sherry* was ſafely landed there, and that the King's Cuſtoms came to 97 *l.* but his Correſpondent at *Briſtol* being lately dead, the Cuſtom was yet unſatisfied; and truly for his part none of the Tenants would pay him one Groat till they ſaw their Lanlord again, and therefore he could not raiſe the Money to ſatisfy it. Our new Bridegroom hearing all this, preſently communicates the whole matter to his ſweet Bedfellow, deſiring her to get her Father to accommodate him with that Sum; not that he ask'd it as any part of her Unkle's Legacy, he ſcorned to be ſo poor-ſpirited; no, he requeſted it as a Boon, and the Monies ſhould ſpeedily be repaid with Thanks: Which if he pleas'd to do for him, his Servant ſhould fall down the *Severn*, and take care of his Wines, of which his dear Father in-law ſhould have one Hogs-head to drink to her *Hans in Keldar*. The Daughter was a ſpeedy and ſucceſsful Embaſſadreſs, for the Money was preſently laid him down in Gold, for the more eaſe of his Servant's carriage of it. *Tom* had not been two hours gone, but a Footboy in a very fine Livery brings him a Letter from his Siſter, ſignifying her extreme Concern for his deſerting his Affairs and Family, and that her Griefs and Diſquiets had made her take a long Ramble to ſee him once more. And that ſhe was now at *Hereford*, not daring

ring to approach any nearer till ſhe had his gracious Warrant and Permiſſion, which ſhe humbly upon her bended Knees intreated of him, with a great deal more paſſionate Courtſhip to him upon that Subject. Upon peruſal of this Letter he ſeem'd to melt into a great deal of good nature and compaſſion for his dear Siſter, inſomuch that a Tear ſtood in his Eyes which his ſweet Bride very kindly drank in a kiſs. At length launching out into a great many tender Expreſſions towards his Siſter, which Goodneſs his kind Bride much applauded and encouraged, throwing in many a kind word in her Siſters behalf; At laſt the Brother concluded he would be ſo civil to her, that ſince her extravagant Affection had brought her thus far to viſit him, he would return her the Favour of Riding himſelf to *Hereford* to fetch her, if his kind Father would procure him a Horſe. Ay, with all his heart. Nay, both Father and Daughter proffer'd to take the ſame Journey with him to pay their Reſpects to the young Lady, and attend upon her as part of her Train to *Ludlow*. No, by no means, replied our Spark; that was more than the Rules of Honour would allow: for his dear Bride, as his Wife, was a Perſon in Quality above her, and whatever Kindneſſes ſhe pleaſed to ſhow her when at *Ludlow*, was in her free Power; but this complaiſance was too great a Condeſcenſion, and conſequently he beg'd her leave that the tenderneſs he had of her Honour might abſolutely forbid her any ſuch thought. And indeed his Father's was much the ſame Condeſcention, which he muſt likewiſe no way ſuffer.

The Father and Daughter both ſilenced with this Anſwer, acquieſced with his Reaſons, as being much a more experienced Maſter of Ceremonies than they could pretend to; conſenting to let him go alone only attended by the Siſter's Page; in the mean while reſolving to apply their officious Reſpects to this fair, tho yet unknown Relation another way, *viz.* in making a ſuitable preparation for her honourable Reception. But firſt a

very ſtately Horſe was borrow'd, one that a Collonel of the Guards had lately bid a lumping Sum for; with all Accoutrements anſwerable. And at mounting, our Cavalier whiſpering in his Father's ear, and telling him he had been long from home, and not knowing whether his remaining Stock might hold out to his preſent Occaſions, he deſired —— The Father would not hear out the Speech, but running up ſtairs preſently, fetch'd down, and ſtole into his hand a ſilk Purſe richly lined with Twenty Broad Pieces.

Our Squire thus every way obliged, after his due Conges all made, bids them all Farewel till to morrow, and ſo prances off. Here let us leave the Father and Daughter as buſy for the Credit of the Cauſe, as may be imagined, making all ſuitable Proviſion for to morrow's Entertainment; the Kitchin, and Pantry, the Bed-Chamber, and the Court-Cubboard, muſt all appear in Splendour extraordinary.

And now to return to our Traveller: Heaven knows he had the misfortune to miſs his way, for he never found *Hereford*, nor Siſter. His Barb too found another Chapman than the Collonel of the Guards; for both Horſe and Accoutrements all embargoed, and the diſmounted Cavalier ſlipt into a Frize-Coat of his Man *Tom*'s providing, who waited his coming, The Maſter, Page, and *Tom*, in a ſmall prepared Veſſel, troul'd down the *Severn* as faſt as Tide and good Speed could carry them.

As we thunder'd down the *Severne*, one of our Strollers being at preſent uſeleſs, our Page (well rewarded for playing his part in the *Farſe*) is dropt at *Worceſter*, from whence we continue our Voyage to *Briſtol*. Arrived there pretty late in a Summers Evening, 'tis not thought convenient to appear in any Dreſs whatever had been ſeen before at *Ludlow*, nor indeed to expoſe his Face, leſt any Inquiry might be made there about him as a Sherry-Merchant, and ſo trunking up all his beſt Rayment, he gets himſelf new rigged at a Salesmans in a genteel Garb,

but

but ſomething modeſter than his *Ludlow* Bravery, and *Tom* and he next morning move off to *Bath*.

It fortunes here, that he Quarters at one of the great Inns, it being the beginning of the Summer, juſt before *Bath* time, where was a brisk Daughter of the houſe, about half way ſtage between 20 and 30. and conſequently much inclinable manwards. A Girl that had had the Honour of many a ſlap croſs the Mouth, and chuck under the Chin by Lords and Earls in her time, her Fathers honourable Gueſts at *Bath* ſeaſon. Our moſt conſtant Lover of every new face, feels the old Itch again. Buſineſs he finds will thicken upon him, and therefore fluſht with his late Succeſſes, he reſolves to throw out his winning hand as far as it will run.

But now to know what Portion this Damſel had, for without a ſpill of yellow Boys, naked White and Red has but indifferent Charms with him. This Intelligence was quickly made, without asking the queſtion; for there was a Jeſt in the Family of one of the Drawers being Suitor there, who belike wanted a tite ſum of 80 *l.* to ſet up withal (a ſmall Portion of hers formerly left her by a Grandfather, and now at uſe.) This Drawer forſooth was a Rival, but not an over-formidable one. For truly our Inn-keepers Daughter had ſo often been tickled with the Addreſſes of Quality, that (*Foh!*) her Fathers Drawer was ſcarce worthy to hold up her Train. A Gentleman, or nothing for her. Nay, if ſhe has not the happineſs to ſtrike in for a Leaſe for Life at Bed and Board with ſome honourable Perſon, rather than dye in ignorance, keep a ſtale Maiden-head, and ſo lead Apes, ſhe has long ſince reſolved not to ſtand out at a lower game, and en'e admit a Tenant at Will to an Inmate of Faſhion and Quality; and was groſly ſuſpected ſhe had tr.ed the Conſtitution of her Body, un.er a load of Honour long before her preſent year of twenty five. But true or falſe, that's a ſmall Blot in her Scutchion.

Our *Don John* is abſolutely captivated, and plies her home

home with all the Rhetorick that Love can afford. Our man *Tom* in the mean while but very modeſtly, is whiſpering amongſt his Mates, the lower Tire of the Family, the Servants, what a Worthy Gentleman his Maſter is, being a Rich *Norfolk* Gentleman (a pretty large ſtride from *Bathe*) of 500 a year. This Narrative paſſes pretty well amongſt the ſhallower pates, the Chamberlain, the Tapſter, the Hoſtler, and the reſt of the inferior Domeſticks; but our hardfaith'd young Miſtreſs of the houſe, whither bit before, or naturally not over-credulous, does as good as declare, That her Principles are to look before ſhe leaps. Our *Norfolk* Suitor finds his Addreſſes very acceptable, but ſtill with a reſerve, Provided he be the Man he appears. He plainly ſees, that the Girl, upon good Grounds is very pliable, but ſhe's a little paſt the years of being dandled and kiſt out of her Reaſon: He or any man elſe (any Tooth good Barber) with Honour and Eſtate may go far with her; but Demonſtration is the only Argument that muſt carry her Cauſe. As many years as ſhe has lived (or at leaſt paſt for) a Maid, ſhe is not ſo hard ſet, but ſhe can tarry till Subſtantial Teſtimony (as far off as *Norfolk* lies) can make out the Lands and Tenements, before ſhe conſents to an Incloſure. Our Spark therefore put to his laſt Trumps, finds this laſt a craggier and more difficult Enterprize than any he had ever yet encountred; however, thinking it a very great ſcandal to his Wit, to lie down before her, and ſhamefully for want of Ammunition, be forced to raiſe the Siege, he ſets all his Brains at work for one laſt Mine to blow her up; or if that take not, he is reſolved to quit the Field. In a day or two after, he begins to be Melancholly and indiſpoſed; during this fit, he is very cold in his Love, and applies him to Religious Books, talks much of very odd Dreams he has had, till at laſt he takes his Bed. Phyſitians are ſent for, whether they found any real indications of ſickneſs or

no,

no, or acquieſced to his own Declaration of the Pains he felt, no Medicinal Application was wanting. His Diſtemper increaſing, he deſires a Man of Law to be ſent for, accordingly a Scrivener of the Town is called, who draws up his Will, in which he gives away about Three Thouſand pounds in ſeveral Legacies, leaving his Nephew his full and ſole Executor. The Will is ſealed up, and delivered to his Man *Tom*; and all the cognizance taken of his Miſtreſs, is only 10 *l.* to buy her Mourning. Next a Man of God is ſent for, and all the neceſſary preparations for a Man of another World are made. His Conſcience ſetled, and his Viaticum for his long Journey moſt devoutly furniſht. But it pleaſes Fate, or the Sick man rather, in ſome few days after, to give ſome ſmall ſymptoms of amendment, and to ſhorten the matter, in Eight or Ten days time he is pretty well recovered, and the next talk is of fancying his own Native *Norfolk* Air for perfecting his Health; all this while the young Damſel, who, tho not call'd to the Will-making, knew all the Contents of it, and finding from all hands, the great uprightneſs and devotion of her humble Servant, could not fancy that ſo much Religion and Piety could be an Impoſtor, and therefore ſhe doubted not in the leaſt, but the Eſtate in *Norfolk* was unqueſtionable; and tho indeed her Prudence would ſtill incline her to a full inquiry and ſatisfactory account, yet 'tis now too late, her cooling Admirer talks of ſpeeding to *London*; and tho he profeſſes he will leave his heart behind with her, She is afraid that new Faces and better Fortunes will ſoon ſhake her hold there, and therefore taking her Pillow upon the buſineſs, ſhe reſolves not to ſlip ſo favourable an opportunity, but to lay hold of the ſerelock, and take a good offer whilſt ſhe may have it: For with all her natural Pride, ſhe conſiders her ſelf but the Lees of a Tap; and 'tis not every Rich Gudgeon will bite at a Bait ſo blown, and ſo ſtale.

Her

Her departing Lover ſtill preſſing for his Journey, the good-natur'd Girl watches the next amorous ſally of her Gallant, and takes him at his word, and without asking advice, thinks her own wit ſufficient, and in two days time enters into *for better, for worſe*. The Town-Bells ſoon rung All Joy; and the beſt Hogſhead in Daddy's Cellar run *Claret*. His Honourable Gueſt and Son-in-Law was the little Idol of all the Virgins of the Town, and the envied preferment of ſweet Mrs. *Betty* had fill'd all Tongues; and ſcarce a Prayer offered up for a Huſband, but Mrs. *Betty*'s felicity was made the Pattern of their Devotion.

But now, as the Devil would have it, our dignified Bride is for having her Dear Spouſe, by all means, doing her and her Father the honour of ſtaying out the whole Bathe Seaſon (now coming on) amongſt 'em, and nothing can divert her from that reſolution. This is a very unwelcome propoſal; for the multitude of Faces from all quarters of the Kingdom, may not only be very dangerous to his circumſtances, but likewiſe his *Norfolk* Abilities, long before that time, may be examin'd too narrowly; and therefore not being able to make any harſh refuſal of his fair Brides requeſt, leſt it ſhould look like deſign, and to marry a young Girl, and be aſhamed of her parentage, would appear ſo unkind, that he has no Artifice to wean her from *Bathe*, and drill her out of Town, but by pretending a ſmall relapſe of his Indiſpoſition, which he acted ſo well, that he denied himſelf the very pleaſures of Love, and fell off even from Family-Duties. This Curtain-failure began to moderate her paſſion for ſtaying at *Bathe*, for her tame Bedfellow ſtill preaching up the virtues of his own Native *Norfolk* Air, his poor defeated Bride could not but have a womanly longing for ſo neceſſary a Reſtorative, and thereupon for ſo important a Medicine to her feeble Yokemate, ſhe conſented to go along with him.

All her fine Cloaths were Boxed up, together with ſeveral Bed and Table-Linnen, &c. (for ſhe had pretty good Moveables, all the Legacies of Deceaſed Aunts and Grannies, and other good Kin) and all ſent by her Man *Tom* to the Carriers, and two days after places took in the flying Coach for their ſpeeding to *London*.

But one main thing was almoſt forgotten. She had call'd in her Portion, which for a Guinies Gratification the Scrivener had ready at an Hours warning, having at that time ſome other peoples Money by him undiſpoſed, and hers being out upon Mortgage, the Owners were very well pleas'd to make an Exchange upon the ſame ſecurity. This Money was not to be truſted by the Waggon, but to be carryed up with her in the Coach-box, for which her Man *Tom* beg'd her acceptance of a little Gilt leather'd Trunk that happen'd to be juſt ſmall enough to go into the Coach-box. The Day of ſetting out being the Morrow, her thoughtful Spouſe had nicely conſider'd that the Coach would be in *London* half a day before the Carrier, which for ſome Reaſons you'll find in the ſequel was not altogether for his convenience, and therefore he made a ſhift to put off the Journey till next Coach-day.

Againſt that time the Gilt-leather'd Trunk and the Key to it was deliver'd her, (tho' by the by he had got two Keys) and the 80 *l.* ſome Broad pieces, a Caudle-Cup, half a dozen of Silver Spoons, and ſome other Toys were all ſtowed in it; and the kind Couple are trundling away for *London*, with the Man well mounted riding by.

Now as a Man of his Eſtate, he had freely given her all her own Portion, a ſmall Privy Purſe to buy her Pins with, having Married her only for Beauty, and much diſdaining the addition of ſo ſmall a ſum to his plentiful Fortune. The firſt ſtage being done, (for they had but one Night to lye by the way) the ſmall Cabinet of Treaſure was care-

fully taken out of the Coach, and lodged in a Cloſet in the Chamber, and next Morning deliver'd to *Tom* to ſee ſafely laid in the Coach-box as before.

The next Night arriving both at *London*, (whither *Tom* about *Brenford* was commanded by his Maſter to ſpeed a little before to prepare for their Reception) a very fair Lodging near St. *James*'s was ready to entertain her, but no *Tom* had been there; and coming to open the Trunk, inſtead of the Gold and Silver Entrayls there was nothing but a Bag of Stones, and a piece of a Brickbat to ſupply their places, encloſed in a few Rags that ſtuft up the Trunk. This amazing ſight threw the poor Lady into a moſt violent Diſtraction, and 'twas very hard to hold her from falling into a Fit, her Husband ſeeming as much amazed as her ſelf, and joining in the complaint as loud as ſhe. But to abate her Rage, he told her the wicked Rogue ſhould not ſo ſcape, he had very ſufficient ſecurity from able Friends for his honeſt and faithful ſervice, and their Purſes ſhould make her Reparation, till when the Loſs ſhould be made up out of his own Pocket. Nor would he ſleep till he had made her ſome farther ſatisfaction, and therefore beg'd her Excuſe but for one half Hour till he took Coach, and made that ſearch and queſt that perhaps would bring her ſome conſiderable Light into the Villany. Her Zeal for her Loſs never look'd any farther, and accordingly well pleas'd with the Kind Motion, ſhe took leave of him for the half Hour aforeſaid.

But, alas, a long half Hour, for half the Evening, nay the whole Night was gone, and neither Man nor Maſter to be heard of. So Husband and Portion all departed, ſhe thought fit to ſecure her Goods and Cloaths at the Carriers, but the ſame Calamity attended there likewiſe, for *Tom* had been there too, and ſwept all.

To

To deſcribe the Diſtreſs and Anguiſh of our preſent Female Sufferer, or either of her two foregoing Siſters in Affliction, being a work beyond our power, we ſhall e'ne do as the Painter did of old, that is, draw a Vail before the Face of ſorrow, the Lineaments of true Grief being above the Pen or Pencils skill.

And now to follow our Libertine through all his Rambles and Exploits in this wide Town of *London*, (for there lyes his next Scene) being matter we have not yet fully been inform'd in, we dare not venture to play the Hiſtorian any farther than certain Intelligence (which yet we have not received) can guide us, being reſolved not to load our Rambles with Romance or Fiction, his Life being furniſht with matter ſufficiently voluminous without the addition of Flouriſh or Fancy.

Let it ſuffice that ſome time after all theſe three ſucceſſive Adventures, the poor *Ludlow* VVife comes up to *London*, being the laſt place ſhe has to make her queſt after this Impoſtor and Monſter, for thoſe are the gentleſt Names her Sufferings and Reſentments can give him. She has a great Opinion that *Newgate* or *Newgate* Roll, or ſome other ſuch Chronicles of his Renown will give her ſome light into his Life and Fortune, and perhaps the Juſtice of Heaven afford her a ſight of him at leaſt, if not a power to execute Heavens and her juſt Vengeance on ſo egregious a Reprobate.

Her Inn being at *Holborn* Bridge, ſhe lights into the Company of a good Motherly VVoman juſt come from *Oxfordſhire*; the ſorrow in ſo young a Face, and the ſwoln Eyes which were not yet dryed, the Fountain being indeed inexhauſtible, the Curioſity of the Elder Traveller made bold to ask her the cauſe of ſo doleful a look, *&c.* The young one (who now had no Reſerves) plainly told her whole ſufferings, to which the Matron replyed, Alas

young VVoman, what are your griefs to mine? I have been many years the VVife of the moſt Infamous Miſcreant that the Earth ever bore; deſerted and abandoned by the wickedeſt of Men, after long years of Honeſt and Loyal Fidelity to his Bed, and expoſed to periſh (which you, thanks to able Friends, need not fear) &c. with a great deal more bitter Invectives againſt him. Till at laſt upon further conferring of Notes, and deſcribing of Characters and Perſons they came to jump together, and found 'em-ſelves both abuſed by the very ſame Monſter, the eldeſt being indeed his old *Bunbury* Wife. What Amazement this Accident produced may eaſily be conjectured, it will be enough to tell you that the Anguiſh of both their Souls, and the Bitterneſs of Gall on each ſide made 'em Swear an inviolable Friendſhip, determining to ſearch (if poſſible) the whole World, to hunt down this Devil. Accordingly they take a Lodging a little higher in *Holborn*, where making no ſecret of both their hard caſes, they open their whole Souls to their new Landlady to engage her aſſiſtance in the Quarrel. The Landlady Tranſported at both their Narrations fell upon her Knees, and bleſt God he had ſent 'em to her Houſe, for this *Luciſer* they had deſcribed, was certainly the very Man that next Week was to Marry her Daughter. This ſurprize put 'em all into new Confuſion, and the Daughter being called to the Council, it was evident that this very Fellow had made Love to the Daughter of the Houſe, the day of Marriage concluded, the Ring and Wedding Cloaths preparing, &c. This laſt Deliverance made the poor old Woman, and the Daughter no leſs, melt into Tears at this happy Diſcovery.

Well, 'tis agreed between 'em all, that they ſhall not ſtir till he comes thither, which will be in twenty four Hours at moſt; and all their united Vengeance, Conſta-

bles,

bles, Warrants, and what not, ſhall be prepar'd for his Reception.

This Reſolution was heartily fix'd amongſt 'em; only the *Banbury* Wife would that Evening take a walk to a Cozens, a Citizen, where ſhe had ſome important Affairs, but nothing ſhould ſtay her abroad above an Hour; ſhe had not walk'd half a Furlong but Deſtiny or ſome other ruling Power threw her full in the Mouth of her Husband; her Paſſion at ſight of him roſe ſo high, that at firſt it could not find vent for words, which he perceiving deſired her to walk into a Tavern which was juſt before 'em, and there recover her Confuſion. You may conceive ſhe was very ready to accept the Invitation, her Stomach being ſo full, that 'twas the only thing ſhe wanted to have her full ſwing at him. The Diſcourſe of her part you may well gueſs at; but his Anſwer was ſo tender, and his Confeſſion ſo open, that at laſt ſhe grew patient enough to hear him out. He plainly told her all he had done, or at leaſt the greateſt part: that it was only the Effects of his Wants and Neceſſities, that now he had rais'd enough to re-eſtabliſh him in the World, that the Hony Moon of Love had been almoſt over between them, and that if he had made any Lapſe in Diſloyalty to her Marriage Right, it was not Infidelity but Intereſt that had enforced him to all. And ſo ſhowing her handfuls of Gold and Silver, he humbly intreated a Reconciliation betwixt 'em. Which good Words and Addreſs at laſt ſo perfectedly obtained, that he perſwaded her to ſend for all her Houſhold Goods, and to live with him ſomewhere in the Liberties of *Weſtminſter*, where diſguiſing his Name, and amending his Faults, he doubted not through his practice to recover a plentiful Being, and maintain her like a Woman.

The poor Creature abſolutely mollified, promiſes Fidelity to him, and never returning to her new Lodgings, takes him along with her, defeating the whole Vengeance that was hatching againſt him, and not ſtirring from him till all her Goods were come up from *Banbury*, and a new Houſe furniſht with 'em. She had not lived there three days, till finding a Goſſiping Errand for her to keep her from home a whole day, at her Return at Night to Bed, ſhe finds neither Husband nor Goods, Bed to lye, or Stool to ſit upon; the whole Houſe being utterly

terly diſmantled, and nothing but nakedneſs and empty Walls to receive her.

This laſt Cruelty of her Barbarian made her almoſt run ſtark Mad, and returning to her *Holborn* Lodging to own her frailty in believing an Infidel, and the Juſt Judgment that had befaln her upon it, ſhe found the poor *Ludlow* Mourner departed, and all her Relief left was to return to *Banbury* to live upon the Alms of the Pariſh.

This Libertine Life of our Renegade did not long continue till found at laſt by the *Ludlow* Wife he was thrown into *Worceſter* Jail; from thence by *Habeas Corpus* (at the Charge of a Parſon in *Southwark* whoſe Daughter he had likewiſe Married) removed to *Newgate*, & upon an Indictment of ſix Wives appearing againſt him, being then Tryed by the Name of *Morrel* alias *Bowyer* (a Name of a Worthy Perſon of Quality, for perſonating of whom he had ſtood in the Pillory) he pleaded Guilty to thoſe ſix and twelve more, and thereby received only the puniſhment of a Squeeze in the Fiſt.

After this Eſcape of a Halter, what his following Adventures have been we are not informed: 'tis to be believed his Will was no ways wanting, though his power of managing ſuch hardy Exploits might undoubtedly be a little retrencht: and therefore we have reaſon to conclude he fell into ſmaller Games, in which his Walks have lain ſomething more obſcure, and thereupon by reaſon of our unacquaintance with the Truth of that part of his Life, we ſhall over-leap ſome years, and bring him to his Concluſion.

Some few days before *Chriſtmas* he came to one Mr. *Cullens* a Baker in the *Strand* to ſeek him a Lodging, his Habit but indifferent, and his Stock not above Two Shillings, pretending himſelf to be a Perſon of Worth and Honour, *viz. Humphrey Wickham* of *Swaclift* in the County of *Oxon* Eſq; a Perſon whoſe Name and Reputation was well known to Mrs. *Cullen*, being Born not far from him, which contributed much to the ſwallowing of the Impoſture. His pretence for leaving his Family in the Countrey, and living here *Incognito* was occaſion'd (he ſaid) to avoid the payment of 500 *l.* which he ſtood engaged for, and for which the principal had left him in the lurch; and which he had made a raſh Vow he would not pay.

Mr.

Mr. *Cullen's* Family thus impoſed upon ſupplied all his wants, and paid him the due Reſpects to the Quality he Perſonated, till falling ſick, on the 28th of *December* he made a Will, as follows.

His WILL.

IN the Name of God, Amen. *I* Humphrey Wickham *of* Swatclift, *in the County of* Oxon *Eſquire*; *being ſick and weak in Body, but of ſound Mind and Memory, do make this my laſt* WILL *and* TESTAMENT, *revoking all Wills by me formerly made: And as touching ſuch Worldly Eſtate as God hath been pleaſed to bleſs me withal, I do hereby give and bequeath the ſame in manner following.*

Imprimis, *I do give, deviſe, and bequeath, to my Kinſman* William Wickham, *of* Gazington, *in the County of* Oxon, *all that my Manſion Houſe of* Swaclift *aforeſaid*; *and all the Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments thereunto belonging, to hold unto him the ſaid* William Wickham, *and his Heirs for ever.*

Item, *I give and bequeath unto* John Cullin, *Son of* Thomas Cullin, *of the Pariſh of St.* Clement Danes, *in the County of* Middleſex, *Baker, all that my impropriated Perſonage of* Sowgrate, *in the County of* Northampton, *with the Rents, Iſſues, and Profits thereof.*

Item, *I give unto* Anne Cullin, *Siſter of the ſaid* John Cullin, *the Summ of Two hundred and fifty Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Thomas Cullin, *Son of the ſaid* Thomas Cullin, *the Sum of Three hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Dorothy Halford *of* Halford, *in the County of* Warwick, *the Sum of two hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Richard Davis, *Son of* William Davis *of the ſaid Pariſh of St.* Clement Danes, *the Sum of Four hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* William Davis, *Son of the ſaid* William Davis, *the Summ of Two hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Anne Fowkes, *for her Care and Diligence in Looking after me in my Sickneſs, the Sum of one hundred pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Robert Croker, *Son of* William Croker *of* Sanford, *in the ſaid County of* Oxon (*being my God-ſon*) *the Sum of Five hundred Pounds.*

Item,

Item, *I give unto the ſaid* William Croker, *the Sum of Five hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto* Robert Penniſton, *Son of Sir* Thomas Penniſton, *and younger Brother to Sir* Farmalis Penniſton *of* Corn hill, *in the ſaid County of* Oxon *the Sum of Three hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I give unto Mrs.* Jane Penniſton, *Siſter of the ſaid Mr.* Robert Penniſton, *the Summ of Two hundred Pounds.*

Item, *I do hereby give, deviſe, and bequeath, all my Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments whatſoever, called by the name of* Appletree Ducy, *in* Cropridee, *in the County of* Northampton, *unto* John Brooking *of* Raſhly, *in the County of* Devon, *Eſquire, and the ſaid* William Davis ſenior, *and* Thomas Cullin ſenior, *and the Survivor of them, and their Heirs, and the Survivor of them upon Truſt and Confidence: Nevertheleſs, that they the ſaid* John Brooking, William Davis, *and* Thomas Cullin, *ſhall ſell and diſpoſe of the ſame; and out of the Money thereby raiſed, pay, or cauſe to be paid, the reſpective Legacies herein before bequeathed unto the ſaid* Anne Cullin, Thomas Cullin Junior, Dorothy Halford, Richard Davis, William Davis Junior, *and* Anne Fowkes. *And whereas I have herein before bequeathed unto my Kinſman* Will. Wickham, *and his Heirs, all my Manſion-houſe at* Swacklift *aforeſaid, with the Lands, Tenements, and Hereditaments thereunto belonging; my true Will and Meaning is, That the ſame Deviſe is upon this ſpecial Truſt and Confidence, That the ſaid* William Wickham *ſhall pay, or cauſe to be paid, the ſeveral Legacies herein before bequeathed unto the ſaid* Rob. Croker, *and* Will. Croker, Robert Penniſton, *and* Jane Penniſton; *and alſo pay and diſcharge one Bond for the Principal Sum of five hundred pounds, with Intereſt, which I became bound for with* Thomas Walker, *to one* Thomas Irons, *any thing herein before contained, to the contrary thereof in any wiſe notwithſtanding; and alſo that he the ſaid* William Wickham, *ſhall out of his Legacy, and Lands, and Premiſes aforeſaid, to him deviſed, pay, or cauſe to be paid unto my Executors hereafter named, the Sum of five hundred pounds, to be by them beſtowed, diſtributed, or employed for the uſe and benefit of the Poor of the Pariſh of* Swacklift *aforeſaid, in ſuch manner as they, or the major part of them ſhall think fit and convenient.*

Item, *I give and bequeath unto the ſaid* John Brooking *one of the Moneys that ſhall be raiſed of the Sale of the ſaid Lands and Tenements,*

ments, called Apple tree Ducy aforesaid, the Summ of Five hundred Pounds: And all the rest and residue of the Moneys that shall be thereby raised, I do hereby give and bequeath unto the said William Davies Senior, and Thomas Cullin Senior, to be equally divided between them and the Survivor of them.

Item, I give and bequeath unto Alice Cullin, Wife of the said Thomas Cullin Senior, the Sum of Six hundred Pounds to her own proper Use and Disposal.

Item, I give and bequeath in like manner the Sum of Six hundred Pounds unto Jane Davis, the Wife of the said William Davis.

Item, I give unto the said Robert Croker and Will. Croker, the Sum of Ten Pounds a piece to buy them Mourning: and also to each of them a Ring of Twelve Shillings.

Item, I give unto Jane Croker and Mary Croker; and also to the said Robert Pennistон, and Jane Pennistон, and all other my Legates herein before mentioned, and to every of them the Sum of Ten Pounds a piece to buy them Mourning, and a Ring of Twelve Shillings.

Item, Whereas I have the Sum of Seven hundred Pounds lying at Interest in the hands of Mr. Ambrose Holbitch, in the name of Oliver Charles, my Servant, I do hereby give and bequeath the same to and amongst my Four Servants, Oliver Charles, John Harber, Sarah Winn, and Margery Smith, and the Survivor of them, to be equally divided amongst them, share and share alike.

Item, I give and bequeath my Three Geldings, and all my Accoutrements belonging to them unto the said John Brookeing, William Davis Senior, and Thomas Cullin, Senior, viz. my Bright Bay Gelding to the said Thomas Cullin, and my Black Gelding to the said William Davis, and my Dapple-grey Gelding to the said John Brookeing. All the Arrears of Rent in my Tenants Hands at the time of my Decease I do hereby freely acquit and discharge. And all the rest and Residue of my Personal Estate, not herein before devised, after my Debts, Legacies and Funeral Expences, paid and discharged, I do hereby give and bequeath unto my said Kinsman William Wickham.

And, lastly, I do hereby nominate, constitute and appoint the said William Wickham, John Brooking, William Davis senior, and Thomas Cullin senior, Executors of this my Will; hereby revoking and making void all other, and former Will or Wills by me made.

In Witneſs whereof I the ſaid Humphrey Wickham *have to this my laſt Will, containing one ſide of a Sheet of Paper, and almoſt half the back thereof, ſet my Hand and Seal this Twentieth day of* Decemb. Anno Dom. 1691. Humphrey Wickham.

Signed, Sealed, Publiſhed and Declared in the preſence of us, with the words (Will. Wickham) *being firſt interlined,* Rob. Smith, Jo. Chapman, Rich. Chapman, Mart. Pinckard.

I, the above-named Humphrey Wickham, *having omitted out of my Will above-mentioned, the Diſpoſition of my Eſtate in* Huntingtonſhire, *do hereby make this Addition to, and part of my ſaid Will, in manner following: I give and bequeath all my Lands, Tenements and Hereditaments, called* Pryor's *Farm, and all other my Eſtate in* Holly-well *and* Needingworth, *unto the above-named* John Brooking, William Davis ſenior, *and* Tho. Cullin ſenior, *and the Survivor of them, and their Heirs, and the Heirs of the Survivor of them, under this ſpecial Truſt and Confidence, that the ſaid* Jo. Brooking, William Davis, *and* Thomas Cullin, *ſhall ſell and diſpoſe of the ſame; and out of the Moneys thereby raiſed, pay, or cauſe to be paid the reſpective Legacies hereafter named; viz. I give and bequeath to* Humphrey Longford *the ſum of ſix hundred pounds, and to his Siſter* Mary Longford *the like ſum of ſix hundred pounds.*

Item, *I give and bequeath unto the ſaid* Tho. Cullin *Sen. the further Sum of* 800 l. *and all the Remainder of the Moneys thereby raiſed, I give and bequeath unto the ſaid* Will. Davis *Sen. and* Jane *his Wife, and the Survivor of them.*

Item, *Whereas I have by Will above-ſaid, given unto* John Cullin, *Son of the ſaid* Thomas Cullin, *the impropriated Parſonage of* Sowgrave; *my true meaning is, That I do give and deviſe the ſame to the ſaid* John Cullin, *and his Heirs for ever. In Witneſs whereof, I the ſaid* Humphrey Wickham *have to this Codicil Addition, or futher part of my ſaid Will, ſet my Hand and Seal, this Twenty eighth Day of* December, *Anno Dom.* 1691.

Humphrey Wickham.

Signed, Sealed, Publiſhed, and Declared, in the Preſence of us, Robert Smith, John Chapman, Rich. Chapman, Martin Pinkard. Probatum fuit, *&c.*

This ſtupendious confidence of a dying man is very amazing, nay he drove on the Maſquerade at that ſtrange rate, that he may be truly ſaid to have ended as he began, having received the bleſſed Sacrament, pretended the ſettlement of his Conſcience, and making peace with Heaven with that ſeeming ſincerity, as if he had

had reſolved to prevaricate with God with the ſame aſſurance he had all along done with Mankind. The credulity of theſe deluded perſons his Landlord, and the reſt, is not much to be wonder'd at, when the laſt Gaſps of Death could carry ſo fair an Hypocriſie, and their Tranſports for his extravagant Legacies bequeathed 'em are rather to be pitried then rediculed. And if they have been faulty in any little over-fondneſs of their imaginary good fortune, the jeſts and Gibes they have received, have been their ſufficient puniſhment; beſides Mr. *Cullin's* being run out of above 30 *l.*

After his Death care was taken to provide him a Coffin of about 10 *l.* value, and the Embalmers were paid for ſome of their Office of preſerving him ſweet, till preparations for a ſolemn and ſumptuous Funeral could be made, ſuitable to the remains of the honourable Deceaſed. And this Letter was ſent as follows.

Sir,

THESE ſerve to inform you that *Humphrey Wickham* Eſquire of *Swaclift* in the County of *Oxon* died this morning at my Houſe where he has been about ten days; He has made his Will, and you are one of his Executors with me and others; A very great ſhare of his Eſtate is given to you; therefore pray Sir ſpeed to *London*, that we may take care of his Funeral and other matters neceſſary to be done upon this occaſion.

I think it may not be amiſs that you keep this private, leſt any thing may be Purloyned orImbezellled by any of the deceaſeds Servants, or any elſe at his Seat at *Swaclift*, which is all given to you, ſome Legacies thereout to be paid; I am, Sir,

Your Servant

London 3. *January* 169½. Tho. Cullin.

From my Houſe at the Wheat-ſheaf near St. *Clements* Church over againſt *Arundel* Street. *Strand.*

To Mr. *William Wickham* of *Gazington* inquire at the Blew Boars Head in *Oxon.*

Theſe following Lines were incloſed from the aforeſaid Executors in the ſaid Letter being left by the deceaſed.

WHereas, I *Humphrey Wickham* Eſquire, in Company with my own man *John Harbert*, *and John Auſtin*, Son of *Nich. Auſtin*, did carry a black Hoggs Skin Trunk, marked with the Letters *H. W.* 1688.

Wherein are the Deeds of my Eſtate at *Sowgrave* and *Aple-tree Ducy*; theſe are to deſire you to deliver them to the Executors, ſigned with his own Name, thus *Humphrey Wickham.*

Memo.

Memorandom, that there are two Mortgages in the hands of *Austin*, the one for 1400 *l.* and the other for 400 *l.* In the name of *Oliver Charles*, in the hands of Mr. *Ambroſe Holbech.*

In anſwer to this Letter came a Gentleman from *Oxford* to tell Mr. *Cullin*, that the Chriſtian name of this Mr. *Wickham* of *Gazington* was miſtaken, which gave the firſt Alarm of an Impoſture, otherwiſe Horſe and Mourning had been provided to have carried him down to *Swackley* for his Interment there.

Mr. *Cullin* being not over apt to believe himſelf cheated, but more to ſatisfie the reſt of the World, ſent down a Meſſenger to *Swackley*, with fifteen Shillings in his Pocket, mounted upon a poor Hackney, but ordered to return upon the Bright Bay Gelding bequeathed him in his Will; being not convinced of the Deluſion till his Meſſengers Return; notwithſtanding ſeveral perſons of Reputation had declared him a counterfeit; & Major *Richardſon* and Mr. *Compton* had both inſpected the Corps, and averred him to be the very man formerly Judged for ſix Wives as before mentioned, and more than once their Priſoner in Newgate.

The Meſſenger returning *Tueſday* the 12th of *January*, he brought a Compliment to the Executors from Captain *Wickham*, (who had treated the Meſſenger very civilly,) to this effect; that he gave 'em his hearty thanks for their intended kindneſs to him, and if they would pleaſe to come to *Swackley* for a Month or more they ſhould be very welcome, and have the uſe of all the Geldings, *viz.* the Black, the Bright Bay, and Dapple Grey, tho he could not well part with 'em for good and all.

Upon this full ſatisfaction received, about three the next Morning with no more than a Watchman and a Lanthorn in a a Coffin of four ſhillings price, he was laid in Earth in a Nook of St. *Clements* Church yard.

Poſtſcript.

THE Nurſe and Aſſiſtants that attended him in his ſickneſs now call to mind, that they once or twice obſerved him to laugh to himſelf very pleaſantly, which they ſuppoſe proceeded from the pleaſure he took in cheating the World he was then juſt upon leaving.

FINIS.

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